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Judge

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THE HARD-WORKING DELEGATE.

He works both ways.

Judge

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IT IS the forbidden-fruit crop that is seldom, if ever, a failure.

* * *

THE FACT that beauty, as we are told, is but skin deep should be a source of pleasure and comfort to the pachyderm.

* * *

EVEN THE most cruel and relentless fate is charitable to a certain extent, for when it condemns one to face the music it does not serve the kind of music peculiar to the so-called comic operas of to-day.

* * *

IF THERE CAN be music without sound, as some poet maintains, what a sweet and lovely symphony, interpretative of the moonlight of fancy and the moonshine of hope, is at the present writing softly rippling from the chaste and gentle spirit of David Peanut Hill.

* * *

IT WILL BE a genuine blessing when the heated term comes to an end, if only for the reason that it will rid us of that variety of so-called literature which is classed loosely under the head of hot-weather hammock-books. The book that is advertised as being quite the thing for the hammock cannot be much of a literary treat, for the simple reason that a book of sterling merit and quality cannot be confined to the hammock any more than it can to the barrel-top, the folding-bed, the soap-box, or the piazza-steps. A good book does not depend upon any season, nor on any climatic or meteorological conditions. It can be read and enjoyed the same in a thunder-shower or in a snow-storm, in a canoe or on an ice-boat. The self-respecting hammock-maker should protest against the habit of associating his commodity with these mad dog-day books, which are enough to give the readers mental hydrophobia, for the simple reason that the hammock is a breezy couch in which standard literature may be enjoyed, and to the full, during the scorching summer on the honeysuckled porch, or during the howling winter in a studio. The hammock-book will never be worthy of serious consideration until it is worthy of the hammock.

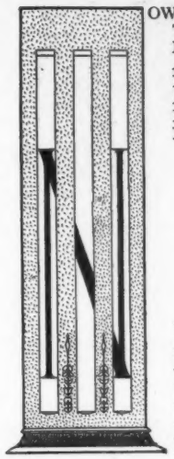
* * *

THIS IS THE TIME of the year which is supposed to bring a respite from hard work to all persons, from the president of the United States to the humblest office-boy, if such a thing as an humble office-boy actually exists. They all hie them away to seashore or mountain for rest, and when they return they are usually on the verge of nervous prostration, owing to the various hardships and impositions which are heaped ruthlessly upon them. There is the farm-table, for instance, decorated with grinning gargoyles of pot-cheese and rudely arabesqued with leathern custard pie and rubber tea-biscuits, while the damask is murally decorated with scrambled eggs. These are the things that, in a different form, daily confront our rusticating president. He has to face the pot-cheese of the office-hunter, the leathern custard pie of the adviser, and the rubber tea-biscuit of the autograph-fiend. His mental digestion will be practically ruined when his vacation is at an end. It is a pity that he cannot have some kind of an official preparation warranted to annihilate these human insects that refuse to be driven away by snubs and well-directed kicks. They swarm and continue to swarm at such a rate that the president will doubtless realize ere long that, if he would have a genuine rest, it will be necessary for him to fly from the ordeal through which he is now passing in the rural districts and go back to Washington and hard work.

LOOKED EASIER.

MRS. WHIFFLETREE—"Silas, I think if I went to New York with you them bunco men would let you alone."
MR. WHIFFLETREE—"I'm afraid not, Jane. If they see me with you they'd know I wuz dead easy."

TOTIN' A GREDGE.



NOW, upon my word an' honor, ez a nabur an' a friend,
There's one part uv human natur' I right speedily would mend.
Not thet sinners would be perfec' by my speshus uv reform,
An' the atmusphere uv livin' be without a single storm;
But 'twould smooth a lot uv fe'thers back to where they ought ter lay,
An' let the Master's teachin's kind uv hev the right uv way.
Fer the mos' unhappy mortal—an' I claim ter be a jedge—
Is the feller thet's a-sulkin' an' a-totin' uv a gredge.

Don't think thet I would hev you go an' turn the other cheek
Ev'ry time a churl 's insultin' in his langwidge, so to speak.
It's the gospel, I'll admit it, an' it's laid down purty flat,
But a'cordin' to my thinkin' they's a better way than that—
Jes' fergit the *thing*'s a-livin', an' fergit the inj'ry, too,
An' you'll find it pow'ful soothin' from a fightin' p'int uv view.
These air thoughts uv gittin' even air ez prickly ez a hedge
To th' man thet's alwuz sulkin' an' a-totin' uv a gredge.

The world is plenty big enuff fer you an' fer him, too,
An' they's piles an' scores uv better things thet you kin find ter do.
Jes' let the buster go his way, an' likewise go your own—
It's really arbitratin', but decidin' it alone;
An' when you git ter feelin' thet ter kill a man er two
Would be somethin' real consolin' from an injur'd p'int uv view,
Jes' help some other feller ter fergit his wrongs, an' I pledge
It beats the best uv schemin' an' uv totin' uv a gredge.

CHARLES W. STEVENSON.

NOTHING WASTED NOWADAYS.

"EVEN the chaff is not wasted," observed the visitor to the miller who was showing him the various processes of making flour.

"You mean," corrected the honest miller, "the health-food."

DOUBTFUL ADVICE.

No, Percy, JUDGE cannot recommend any particular school of physical culture; but if you want to get "good and strong" why not try the above diet?

THE HEAVING SWELL.

"Yes, it was so rough the captain thought he'd heave to."—
"And what did you do?"
"Why, I thought it best to heave, too."

HOW CARELESS!

"I SAW Fuddlesome running down the street this morning," says the first suburbanite. "What was the matter?"

"He was going for a veterinary surgeon and a machinist," explains the second suburbanite.

"What was wrong?"

"Last night he went out to his stable to see that everything was all right, and incidentally to fix his bay mule and his automobile for the night. You know how careless he is?"

"Yes; but"——

"Well, now the mule has gasolinitis and the auto has hay-fever."

FELT HERSELF BUNCOED.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"Why won't you go to that French restaurant again?"

Mrs. Parvenue—"Because I paid a big price for a dish with a fancy name and it turned out to be only a kidney stew."

WILLING TO ACCOMMODATE.

FAIR TOURIST—"Oh, what a beautiful sombrero that Mexican has! Do you think you could induce him to part with it, Mr. Broadshot?"
GUIDE (*crack!*)—"Sure, miss! You'll always find Rawback county ready to accommodate."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

DOROTHY DORR.

There is a magic in the way
You sing and caper round and play
That makes the young and ancient gay.

They quite forget their daily cares,
And also all fate's grim bugbears,
Together with their silver hairs.

And so they ever gladly pop
Unto the theatre and drop
Their cash, and you are way on top.

GIVING THE INFORMATION.

"AND what," asked the speaking-tube, "did the old man do when he sat down on the tack his grandson placed on his chair."

Here the dumb-waiter jumped violently to the third floor and fell to the bottom of the shaft in the effort to answer.

THE COMMERCIAL SENSE.

Suburbs—"But I tell you I haven't any use for a stable."

Real-estate agent—"But, man, this is the only barn in this region, and it is so situated that you can make twice your mortgage-interest by having patent-medicine advertisements painted all over it."

THE KINDLY CANNIBAL.

"MY DEAR," said the kindly cannibal to his wife, "I wish you would realize that my business affairs are not within your scope. I don't like this habit of yours of always putting your finger in my pie."

"I want you to understand," retorted the wife, "that I am going to exercise every right I have. As your wife"——

"And I want you to understand," interrupted the cannibal husband with some heat, "that if you keep on putting your finger in the pie the first thing you know all the rest of you will go into a potpie."

Silenced, the woman returned to her household duties.

HIS CASH VALUE.

They say she married money.
'Tis true to all intents;
For though he is not wealthy,
He looks like thirty cents.

DEAD EASY FOR HIM.

"AND you found not the slightest discomfort in your perilous voyage?" we asked the man who had recently gone through the whirlpool rapids in a barrel.

"Me?" he chuckled. "Not on your period of years! Evidently you are not aware that I am a regular patron of the Manhattan 'l' roads."

WHY HE COULDN'T SLEEP.

"Scat, there, you pesky *catfish!* Here it is three o'clock in the morning, and I haven't had a wink of sleep."

A POOR FISHERMAN.

"I'll never go fishing with that lunkhead, Smith, again."
"Didn't catch anything, eh?"
"No; and dasn't *say* I caught anything, for fear that he will tell the truth about it."

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THE GIRLS OF OUR TOWN.

THE ST. LOUIS GIRL.

She reigns, the fair St. Louis girl, where'er she gayly trips;
Her beauty paints all fancies red, her name is on all lips.

And when the world's fair comes to town, with all earth's beauties rare,
This merry maid will surely be the fairest of the fair.

BILL JOHNSON'S DOG.

BILL JOHNSON had a yellow cur;
This yellow cur had fleas.
They nestled in his saffron fur
As cozy as you please.

The canine's cognomen was Jim,
The insects' name was legion;
Their favorite resting-place on him
Was in the lumbar region.

The fleas they stuck to this here dog;
The dog stuck to his master
As close as bark upon a log,
Or as a porous-plaster.

Things got so bad at last that Bill
Brought home some poison stuff.
The druggist said 'twould kill the fleas
If they but took enough.

The fleas they ate that poison up
And died in great distress.
Alas! when they were gone the pup
Died too, of lonesomeness.

So now Bill Johnson has no cur,
The cur he has no fleas.
The moral is, as you'll infer,
That dogs are hard to please.

ISAAC ANDERSON.

A PLUG BARBER, DOUBTLESS.

THE friend saunters into the barber-shop, where he sees an acquaintance having his hair trimmed.

"Hello!" says the friend. "Getting a fine cut?"

The barber having gone to the rear of the shop, the acquaintance peers at his reflection in the glass and answers sadly,

"Looks more like chewing to me."

THE RESEMBLANCE.

JACK—"These summer engagements are like automobiles."
VIVIAN—"How so?"
JACK—"Well, they jar one so, they are so easily broken, and a girl is never happy unless she's in one; and some of them are decidedly dangerous."

A COMMENDABLE DESIRE.

I WANT to be so blooming rich
That people, when they see me go
Along the street, or anywhere,
Will wish and wish that they were so.

I want to be so rich, I do,
In good substantial cash, gadzooks!
That I can build a libraree
And fill its shelves with pocket-books.

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

A SAD OUTLOOK.

"DEM swell guys t'inks if dey kin only git outdoors dey's havin' a good time," observed Toothless Tuttle to Ragged Russell as they plodded along the pike.

"Yep," answered Ragged Russell, gazing thoughtfully at the summer boarders who were whacking the ball across the golf-links on Farmer Hayrack's rural retreat; "yep. It won't be long now ontil dey'll git up a fad uv sleepin' in haystacks, an' den you an' me will git inter s'ciety."

"But," protested Toothless Tuttle, "it always seemed ter me dat nine out uv ten uv dese games dey plays is hard work."

PRACTICAL POETRY.

First poet—"What a boastful fellow Penholder is getting to be!"

Second poet—"Yes. He claims that he has made enough writing verses on snow during the summer to hire it shoveled off his sidewalk all winter."

HIS RESOURCES.

MR. GOTROX—"What are your resources?"
CHOLLY NERVINE—"Well, I have six other rich girls willing to marry me besides your daughter."

THE PRINCIPLE OF THE JULEP.

"MAJOR," asks the northern visitor of Major Shotenfust of Clay Corners, Kentucky, "what is the theory of the mint julep? I have heard that it is a pleasant drink, but what is the reason for its different ingredients?"

"Well, suh, it's simple as shootin' a man across the valley. Yo' see, fust yo' have to use watah as a basis; then yo' put in some sugah to hide the fluidity of the watah; then yo' put in the mint in ordah to mollify the unpleasant taste o' the sugah an' watah; an' lastly, yo' covah it with whiskey, so that the flavoh of the othah ingredients may be propehly disguised."

HIS ROMANCE.

AS THE ex-husband leaves the court-room with his attorney, having bade farewell to his ex-wife and offered to share the expense of having her divorce decree framed, he says,

"There's material for a good story in my matrimonial career."

"No doubt," responds the attorney. "Your ex-wife is a Mexican, is she not?"

"Yes; I met her in the Alamo."

"Good! Write the story and give it the title of 'From Alamo to Alimony.'"

"THE APPLE OF HIS EYE."

ONE PLEASURE GONE.

"I SUPPOSE, Miss Rambo," said the caller, "that your father feels much happier now that he has been cured of his rheumatism."

"Well," explained the young lady, "he feels better when he realizes that he does not have to suffer any more; but he feels pretty bad when he remembers how exactly he used to be able to foretell the weather."

WORTH WHILE.

'TWAR fo' jest a measly apple
Dat our parents fell frum grace.
Ef it war a watahmillyun
'Twould 'a' bin a differ'nt case.

NO USE FOR ONE.

New Yorker—"Why are you looking so curiously at this map?"

Stranger—"Because I can't find my way without looking at it."

New Yorker—"Not find your way? I have lived in this city for forty years and have never had use for a map."

HIS DUE.

POET—"My wife said if you accepted this poem I'd get a swelled head."
EDITOR—"Oh, you'll get that any way. Johnny, bring me the axe!"

WHAT HE RAISED.

TRAMP—"What does your employer raise on dis farm?"
FARM-HAND—"Everyt'ing but salaries."

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THE PRESIDENT'S QUIET VACATION AT

AT THE RURAL SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Ptg Co. New York.

SONNET.

THREE hours last night I walked the floor with pet,
And thrice on yon grim rocker ran my toe.
Now, had I, purposeful, by day tried so
To strike that seif-same point, to win a bet,
The goodness knows I'd not have hit it yet!
How strange it is the cruel hammer's blow
Lands on my thumb with swift-ensuing woe
And skips the nail on which my aim was set!
There is no cause of cussing in this world
So cussèd as the cussedness of things
Which seem inanimate but aren't a bit.
There's not one wild anathema I've hurled
Full at them, driven to fury by their stings,
But they have thrilled with fiendish joy at it.

W. E. K.

WHOSE?

Deacon 'Rastus—"Ah heah Brudder Snowball leads a very regular life."

Deacon Ephraim—"Yes, sah. He always goes ter bed wif de chickings."

SO THEY TOLD.

Editor—"How did you find out so much about the proceedings of that woman's club?"

Reporter—"It was a secret meeting they held."

A BIG BILL.

LANDLADY—"Mr. Slopay, have you any idea of the size of your bill?"
MR. SLOPAY (*despairingly*)—"*Have* I? Why, I've dreamt for three nights in succession that I was a pelican."

A SURE CURE.

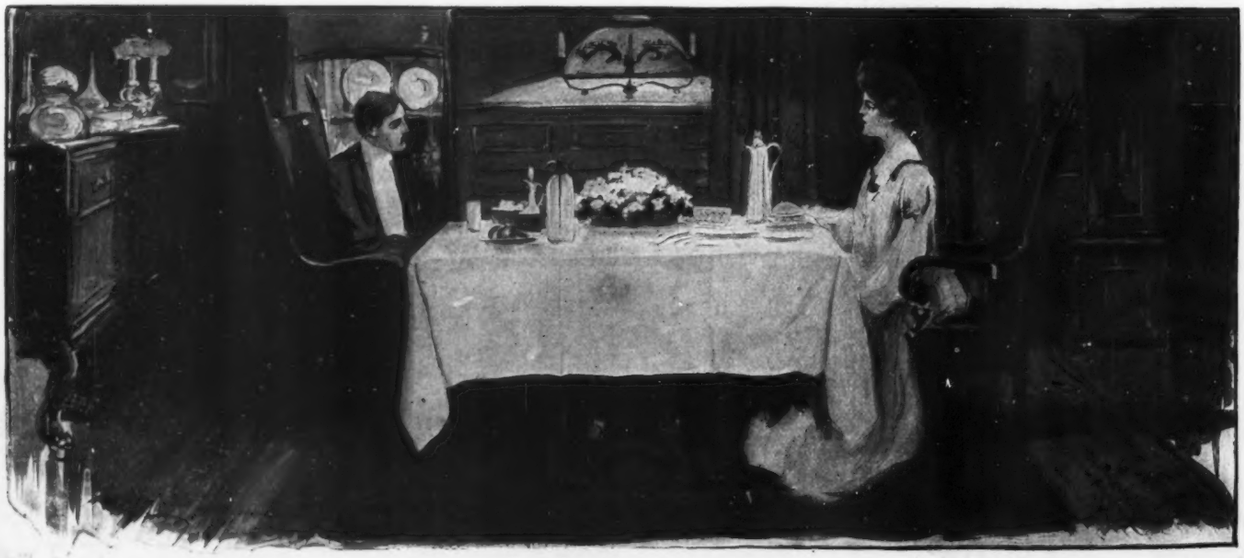
VISITOR (*to state-prison*)—"How do you punish your more refractory prisoners—by the dark cell?"
KEEPER—"No; we have a more drastic and effectual corrective than that. We give them health-food for their breakfast instead of hash."

NOT THE ONLY PEBBLE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE was wandering along the beach.

"It's very strange," he muttered. "I am the only man at this summer resort, and yet the usual bevy of girls is not after me."

Just then he spied the footprint of Friday and knew that he was not the only pebble.



TRUE HOME CHARITY.

WIFE—"Charity begins at home, you know."
HUSBAND—"Then I wish you'd cast your bread upon the waters, Jane."

Schlitz

THE FAMILY BEER

Visitor: "Does your whole family drink beer?"

Host: "Just Schlitz beer—no other. Our physician says that Schlitz beer is good for them."

Visitor: "Why Schlitz beer and no other?"

Host: "Because Schlitz beer is pure. There are no germs in it. Schlitz beer is brewed in absolute cleanliness, and cooled in filtered air. The makers go down 1400 feet for the water they use in it. They filter the beer, then sterilize every bottle—by Pasteur's process—after it is sealed."

Visitor: "But beer makes me bilious."

Host: "Schlitz beer will not, that's another advantage. Biliousness is caused by 'green' beer—beer hurried into the market before it is sufficiently aged. Schlitz beer is aged for months in refrigerating rooms before it is bottled."

Visitor: "And what do you pay for it?"

Host: "Just what you pay for other beer. I secure the most careful brewing in the world for what you pay without it. I get a beer that costs twice as much as common beer in the brewing, by simply demanding Schlitz."

Visitor: "I'll do that next time."

Host: "Yes, and ever afterward. People are learning these facts, and Schlitz sales now exceed a million barrels annually. Ask for the brewery bottling."

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

Purity

All that hands can do, or money buy, or age refine, lies in the purity of

Hunter Baltimore Rye

It is the highest standard of

The American Gentleman's Whiskey.

It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

The WHITE ROCK high ball has a smack of its own

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"Do you believe every man considers the day he proposes marriage to a girl the happiest in his life?"

Mr. Crimsonbeak—"I don't believe all of them do; only those who never married."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"I see that choice Bengal tigers have been marked down to one thousand dollars each."

"For goodness sake! don't let my wife read that paragraph. Here's my knife. Cut it out. If those tigers are on the bargain-counter she'd want at least two."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"She has engaged a dramatic instructor, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Does she intend to go on the stage?"

"Oh, no. She has merely sued her husband for divorce and is preparing for her appearance in court."—*Chicago Post.*

Drives away care, lends buoyancy to the spirits and strength to the body—Abbott's Angostura Bitters.

Demettus Kakapoulous,
The grocer's errand boy,
Was bounced. He called a customer
One of the hoi polloi.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Four-Track News for August is about as fine a bundle of high-grade and broad-gauge delicatessen as any discriminating lotos-eater would care to see. From cover to cover it is a feast prepared to fit and capture any palate. The table of contents is a bill-of-fare that is more than inviting, and the entire banquet costs but twenty-five cents. All these dainties and delicacies are warranted to cheer and to inspire, and guaranteed to digest and assimilate without generating gout or rheumatism. The chef that put it together should be compelled to wear a crown of gold instead of the cap that is his accepted insignia of office. He is a predigested peach of perfection, and the public would be willing to take the chances on the spoiling of the broth if it could only have a greater number of cooks like him. For further particulars apply to George H. Daniels, general passenger agent, grand central station, New York city.

Uppa Ginnit—"You wisht you had a good spyglass? What fur?"

Onizuppers—"So's I could bring that brewery away over there close up to me."—*Chicago Tribune.*

LOOK FOR THE NAME
CARL H. SCHULTZ

THE NAME CARL H. SCHULTZ ON ALL MINERAL WATERS IS A GUARANTEE OF ABSOLUTE PURITY

ARTIFICIAL VICHY CARBONIC SELTERS and CLUB SODA
The Standard for 40 Years
430-444 1st Av., N.Y.
Tel. 3420 Madison

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

KEEPING HIS END UP.

CORINNE—"When I get married I shall make my husband give me all his salary."

VIVIAN—"I shan't. I shall allow him to retain seventy-five cents each week, so he can keep his own end up with the boys and not be a cheap old thing when he's out."

Bugville Life

Illustrated by GUS DIRKS

For Sale Everywhere

25 Cents

For Reasons of State

Lackawanna Railroad

A vivid little love story, beautifully illustrated; told simply but with appealing interest. The story is contained in a 128-page book which describes some of the most delightful mountain and lake resorts in the East. Sent free on receipt of 5 cents in stamps to cover postage. Address, T. W. LEE, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, New York City.

"Goin' ter change the name of our town," remarked Uncle Jim, on a visit to a neighboring village.

"That so?" asked the postmaster-grocer-editor-blacksmith of Grange Cross-roads.

"Yes," replied Uncle Jim, settling himself on the cracker-barrel. "Hi Jones hez painted his stable an' th' Widder Stubble 's puttin' up a new hog-pen. Goin' ter call the place 'greater' Turkeyville from this time on."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

I've had a lovely supper, and it was enlivened with a bottle of *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.*

They had received a letter from son Henry, who was at college.

"He says," said Aunt Martha, wiping a tear from her eyes; "he says that the happiest minute in his life was when he got on the team."

"Dogged if I don't recollect it as plain as if it was yisterday," responded Uncle Silas. "It wuz in the fur field, an' he was jist a bare-footed little tad, an' I lifted him up an' put him on old Kate's back after the day's plowin' was done. He can't fergit the old farm, Marthy, he can't fergit the old farm."—*Indianapolis Sun.*

Prospective purchaser—"What inducement do you offer if I should buy a dog?"

Canine dealer—"Why, lady, if you buy the dog I'll learn you how to whistle so you can call him."—*Chicago News.*

COLIC AND CRAMPS QUICKLY STOPPED by Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the only genuine, imported. Refuse domestic imitations.

Proud father—"Rick, my boy, if you live up to your oration you'll be an honor to the family."

Valedictorian—"I expect to do better than that, father. I am going to try to live up to the baccalaureate sermon."—*Chicago Tribune.*

VACATION MEM.

Don't Forget

Packer's Tar Soap

Pure as the Pines

Quickly relieves irritated skin. Cleansing, soothing, cooling and refreshing. A luxury to use.

The Packer Mfg. Co., New York.

Highest Grade Havana Cigars

Manuel Lopez & Co.,

9-11 Thames St. - New York

35-37 Randolph St. - Chicago, Ill.

EASY MONEY For Barbers, Cigar or Newsdealers, and responsible hustlers

Address Chas. Johnson, P.O.B. 807, Chicago

Shy young thing—"Papa, did—did Mr. Frajjill call on you this afternoon to—to ask if"——

Business-like parent—"Yes; he asked me if I had any objections to him as a son-in-law, and I told him I wasn't taking bric-à-brac into my house now—it had gone out of fashion."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Barnes—"When I was young my mother always used to sing me to sleep."

Shedd—"Yes, women are good at that sort of thing; but it takes the father's voice to wake a fellow up in the morning."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Have you anything to say before we eat you?" said the king of the Cannibal isles to a Boston missionary.

"I have," was the reply. "I want to talk to you a while on the advantages of a vegetable diet."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

A BACK NUMBER.

THE MILK AND EGG DIET.

Starving the patient who has a sick stomach, is an out of date treatment and no longer necessary with the predigested and nourishing food Grape-Nuts, that the weakest stomach can handle and grow strong upon.

There is plenty of proof of this: "I had suffered from stomach trouble for six years and for most of the last two years had been confined to my bed, the trouble having become chronic in spite of the very best medical attention. I had always been a coffee drinker but for the past year I could not drink it at all because it made me so nervous I could not sleep and my appetite was almost entirely gone.

"Then some friend advised me to try the predigested food Grape-Nuts and about three months ago I did so and since that time my improvement has been so rapid that my customers and friends are astonished and every day someone remarks upon my changed condition. I have gained 15 pounds, sleep well, my appetite is good and my digestion is perfect. Where I have lived on milk and light diet for years I now eat most anything I want and don't suffer any inconvenience either. The way Grape-Nuts food has built up my stomach and strengthened my nervous system particularly is just wonderful.

"I drink your food drink Postum too and no longer feel the want of coffee. There is absolutely no doubt that leaving off coffee and useing Grape-Nuts and Postum has brought me out of my bed from an invalid back to fine health." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

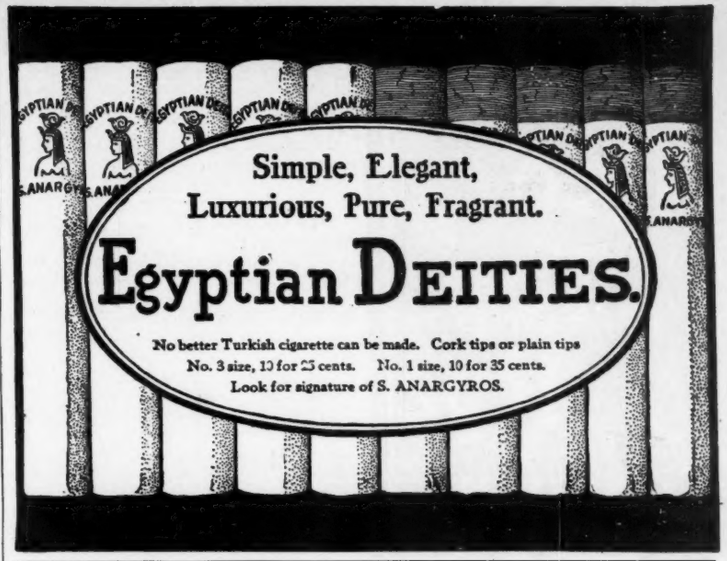
"There's a reason" and that reason is plain to anyone who will spend a few minutes investigating in the interest of health.

Send to the Co. for particulars by mail of extension of time on the $7,500.00 cooks contest for 735 money prizes.

The Ideal Beverage for persons seeking the maximum of benefits and pleasure.

EVANS' ALE

Does more towards making new men and new women than all the drugs in the world.



Patience—"Did she leave you anything in her will?"

Patrice—"Not a cent!"

Patience—"And she was a close relative, too, was she not?"

Patrice—"Yes; that's the reason she didn't leave me anything."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"W'en er man been livin' lak a sinnah fo' yeahs an' suddintly gits 'ligion," said Charcoal Eph, after the camp-meeting, "hit am jess lak jumpin' into er col' bath in January, but aftah while, Mistah Jackson he git so used t' hit dat he kin shout hallaluyar wid a mortgage on his mewl."—*Baltimore News.*

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BE FAIR TO YOUR FACE

and your face will be fair.

Can you afford to be less careful about the soap you put on your face, than about the food you eat?

Think what one mistake may cost you.

There's only one *safe* way.

When shaved by barbers insist that they use the Old Reliable Williams' Shaving Soap; accept no substitute from dealers, if you shave yourself.

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Red Top Rye
IT'S RIGHT

In spite of a'l that "tongue or pen"
Has said about "what might have been"
There is no getting round it,
We help the situation when
We stop to think it "might have been"—
Much worse than we have found it.
—*Four-Track News.*

40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.
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ARE AS NECESSARY AS FOOD
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Ripans Tabules are the best dyspepsia medicine ever made. A hundred millions of them have been sold in the United States in a single year. Constipation, heartburn, sick headache, dizziness, bad breath, sore throat, and every other illness arising from a disordered stomach are relieved or cured by Ripans Tabules. One will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The five-cent package is enough for ordinary occasions. All druggists sell them.

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Tommy—"Two places? Why, pop is at the Thousand islands now."—*Chicago News.*

In need of a tonic? Take Abbott's, the Original Angostura, the king of tonics. At grocers' and druggists'.

"Do you think that there is luck in a rabbit's foot?"

"Not as much as dar is in a chicken's foot," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "provided de res' er de animal is attached."—*Washington Star.*

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At your club or dealer's
SURBRUG, Importer
AROMATIC DELICACY—
MILDNESS—PURITY

HIS REPLY.

FIRST OFFICE-BOY—"De book-keeper asked fer a raise uv salary so he could marry de typewriter."

SECOND OFFICE-BOY—"What did de boss say?"

FIRST OFFICE-BOY—"Said if he could afford dat he'd marry her himself."

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor 22d St. Only salesroom in Greater New York.

IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER.

It really doesn't matter much
If bank accounts are small;
If we have sunshine in our hearts
We're rich enough for all.

It really doesn't matter much
If beauty knows us not;
If we have tact and intellect
We'll lead the common lot.

It really doesn't matter much
If we've no shining fame;
If we plug on, and do the square,
We'll get there just the same.
—*From Four-Track News for August.*

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The more purely negative soap is, the nearer does it approach perfection.

Unless you have used Pears' soap you probably do not know what we mean by a soap with no free fat or alkali in it—nothing but soap.

Established over 100 years.

Some kind of vitch,
We don't know which,
Is on the Servian throne.
With wild acclaim
They spoke his name,
And hailed him as their own.
Now mouths are raw
And ev'ry jaw
Looks like an open switch.
And ev'ry face
Is out of place
From shouting—something "Vitch."
—*Brooklyn Times.*

At every exposition where the Sohmer Pianos have been brought into competition with others they have invariably taken the first prize.

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"If you find it impossible to keep open your line of retreat," said the instructor in the military school, "what ought you to do?"

"Open up a line of advance," was the prompt reply.—*Chicago Post.*

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Miss Billions—"Yes. These days, if an heiress wants to marry a wealthy man, the best thing she can do is to become a governess, or a nurse, or a manicure, or an actress, or a stenographer, or a clerk, or a telephone-girl. We are simply outclassed."—*Baltimore American.*

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Kidder—"He's the state weather-forecaster."—*Toledo Blade.*

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TOM—"Didn't, eh? He certainly had a nerve to pose as a foreign nobleman, then."

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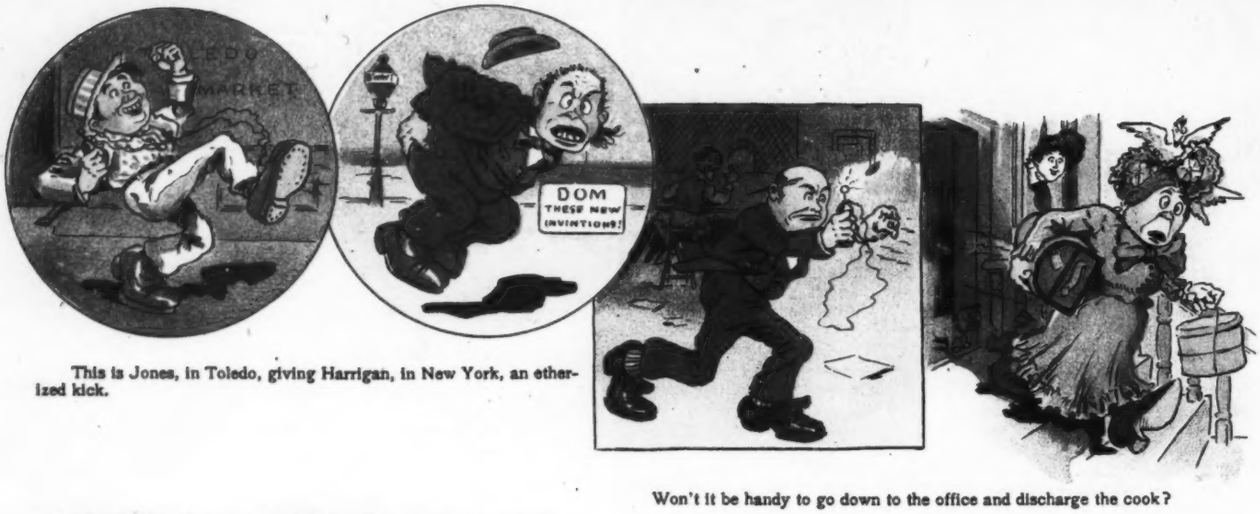

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An etherized-power prize-fight between Kid McSlugg, in Denver,——

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